Thou haſt redeemd thy loſt opinion,
And ſhewd thou makeſt ſome tender of my life
In this faire reſcue thou haſt brought to me.
*Prince.* O God, they did me too much iniurie,
That euer ſaid, I hearkned to your death:
If it were ſo, I might haue let a'one
The inſulting hand of *Dowglas* ouer you,
Which would haue beene as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poyſonous potions in the world,
And ſau'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.
*Kin.* Make vp to *Cliſton*, Ile to S. *Nicholas Gawſey*. *Exit.*

*Enter Hotſpur.*

*Hot.* If I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth?*
*Prince.* Thou ſpeakſt, as if I would deny my name.
*Hot.* My name is *Harry Percy.*
*Prince.* Why then I ſee a very valiant Rebell of that name.
I am the *Prince of Wales*; and thinke not *Percy*,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the *Prince of Wales.*
*Hot.* Now ſhall it *Harry?* for the houre is come,
To end the one of vs; and would to God,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.
*Prince.* Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all thy budding Honours on thy Creſt
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.
*Hot.* I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

*They fight.* *Enter Falſtalffe.*

*Falſ.* Well ſaid *Hal*, to it *Hal.* Nay, you ſhall finde no Boyes play heere, I can tell you.

*Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falſtalffe, he fals downe as if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.*

*Hot.* Oh *Harry*, thou haſt robd me of my youth,
I better brooke the loſſe of brittle life,
Then thoſe proud Titles thou haſt won of me,
They wound my thoughts worſe, then the ſword my fleſh:

But



But thought's the ſlaue of life, a
And Time that takes ſuruey of
Muſt haue a ſtop. O, I could pr
But that the Earth, and cold ha
Lies on my tonge: no *Percy*, th
And food for
*Prince.* For Worms, braue
Ill weau'd Ambition, how muc
When that this body did conta
A Kingdome for it, was too ſm
But now two paces of the vileſt
Is roome enough: this earth th
Beares not aliue ſo ſtout a Gen
If thou wert ſenſible of curteſie
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſh
But let my fauours hide thy ma
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile th
For doing theſe faire rites of te
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with
Thy ignomy ſleepe with thee i
But not remembred in thy Epi
*He ſpieth Falſt*
What, old acquaintance, cou
Keepe in a little life? poore *Iac*
I could haue better ſpar'd a bet
O, I ſhould haue a heauy miſſ
If I were much in loue with va
Death hath not ſtrooke ſo faire
Though many dearer in this b
Imboweld will I ſee thee by and
Till then, in blood by noble *P*
*Falſtalffe*
*Falſ.* Imboweld? if thou i
leaue to powder me, and eate
time to counterfeit, or that h
ſcot and let too. Counterfeit
be a counterfeit, for hee is b
hath not the life of a man: but

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